(you hate me) cause i got what you need by brawls (brawlite), ToAStranger

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Summary:

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He smells like fucking summer *and a dream and Billy can't get enough. Not ever.*

Steve shudders, eyes fluttering, focus falling *from the TV to everywhere that Billy is pressed. Tilts his head a little, twists to take his weight a little, forgets about everything else.*

Like he was just waiting *for Billy to* want *his attention.*

“That’s probably the sunscreen,” Steve says, bring a hand up to curve at Billy’s nape, thumb dragging back and forth behind his ear, fingers in the short crop of hair at the back of his head; his other squeezing at Billy’s

wrist. "And, you know, the ocean*."*

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Author's Note:

title from *caress me down* by sublime

Steve's already burning. They've been out here for two hours *tops* and he's already fucking pink. Guy would burn to a crisp if Billy didn't keep an eye on him.

He's tried calling him over *twice* from the lifeguard stand, but Steve keeps waving him off, too busy making *mooneyes* up at the redhead knockout perched there.

Max plops down onto the towel next to him, spraying sand up. “You look like someone pissed right next to you in the water.”

Billy doesn't say anything, just grumbles, tears his eyes off of Steve and looks back at the ocean.

“Uhh, earth to Billy?” Max says.

“I'm *fine*,” Billy says. “Just hungry.”

Because everyone knows when Billy gets hungry, he gets angry. *Hangry*, Max likes to call it. It's pretty much the most annoying thing she's ever said about him.

It's really a pity he had such a big lunch and isn’t hungry at all.

“Uh huh,” Max says, all slow, eyeing him. “And I'm a pretty little princess. What other lies are we telling each other today?”

“Shove it, Maxine,” Billy says.

His eyes drift again. Passing over Steve and the goddamn lifeguard again before he makes a show of surveying the whole beach. Like he's not *just* looking at Harrington -- he’s looking at *everyone*, alright? Checking out the real estate, the options.

Next to him, Max snorts. “Your crush is, like, *actually* disgusting.”

Billy snaps his teeth together, turning toward her with a snarl. “I don't have a *crush*.”

Max rolls her eyes. “You've had the biggest boner for Steve Harrington since *high school*. I'm surprised you haven't *jumped* him. *How* long have you been living with him, again?”

Billy nearly *laughs* at that, loud and stupid, because that's how he *feels*. It's absurd that he's *already* sleeping with Steve. What fucking more does he even want?

But he doesn't laugh, he just grimaces. “We’re *friends*, shitbird.”

Best friends, really.

Max bats her eyes. “Aw. That's *cute*. Does your *friend* know you want his *dick*?”

Billy really wonders when she became so much like him.

He hopes she stops soon. Billy isn't really the world's best *role model*. Max is gonna end up *all kinds* of fucked up if she keeps going down Billy's path.

“Don't make this a *thing*,” Billy tells her, because he's not about to tell her *yes* and he's also not about to tell her *no*.

It's not that she's too young to understand the concept of *fuckbuddies* -- but Billy's not just gonna *say* that kinda shit to her. It's easier for her to keep thinking he's some lovestruck idiot pining from afar.

Instead, he's just *really close up*.

Except that's not entirely true, either. He's not *lovestruck*. And he's not really *pining*. He's just -- greedy. Steve's one of the best things that's ever happened to Billy and he's greedy for more, resentful toward anything that could take that away.

That's all.

“I’m not making it a *thing*,” Max says, pulling her hair up into a mess of a bun, digging around in the cooler Steve toted out there for a

bottle of water-- *those kids don't fucking know how to hydrate*-- and cracking it open. "I'm just trying to make sure that you're not being *stupid*. And it kinda looks like you're being stupid. You, like, *know* he likes dudes, right?"

Billy does laugh this time.

"*Yeah,* I know he likes dudes, Maxine."

"Then why *haven't* you jumped on his dick?" she asks.

Billy rolls his eyes. "Pass me one of those waters, will you?"

"Pussy," she says, and hands him a water.

"*Okay*," Billy says, because he's never been all too great at backing down after a challenge. "Okay, so what if I *did* jump on his dick? We're *friends*. It wouldn't change anything."

"*Exactly*," Max says. "You're already living together? And best friends? So, you start fucking, get married, live happily ever after. What's the big deal?"

"It doesn't *work* like that, Max. Then you're just fuckbuddies. Eventually he'll find someone to date and then we'll stop." Billy coughs, and then adds: "Or I would find someone to date."

Max's face scrunches up. "That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard you say, and I've heard you say *a lot* of stupid shit. You guys are practically *already dating*, you go *everywhere* together, he follows you like a *puppy*. Why wouldn't you just--?"

Max cuts herself, blinking as Steve comes over, grin wide and plops down next to Billy, plucking his water from him and downing a big swallow. He shoves his wrist in Billy's face, and there are numbers written in sharpie across his pulse.

"*Told you* I could fucking score her number," he says.

Max lets out a breath, glancing between them. "*Wow*."

"How's the water, Max?" Steve asks.

“Good,” Max pops up, eyes on Billy’s face and way his jaw has wound tight. “I’m just-- gonna go make sure Lucas doesn’t drown Dustin.”

And then she’s trotting off, leaving them in the shade of their canopy, Steve sprawled next to Billy on his towel. He tilts his head, sips at Billy’s water, and passes it back.

“What’s her deal?”

“It's hot. She's hungry,” Billy says.

He hadn't even been *serious* about Steve getting the lifeguard’s number. He shouldn't have even said anything -- but then again, it was only a matter of time.

Billy shouldn't *care*, is what it comes down to.

But.

Well, *anyway*.

Steve squints at him. “Are *you* hungry?”

“Sure,” Billy says. He looks at Steve's pink skin in the shade of the tent, knows that his shoulders would be hot if Billy touched them. “I'm always hungry.”

Steve’s cheeks go a little ruddy. He leans back on an elbow, grin crooked, and knocks his foot against Billy’s.

“Not *quite* what I meant,” Steve says. “You got that look on your face. Like someone cut you off on the highway. What’s up?”

Jesus. People have *gotta* stop looking at his face.

“I'm fine. I just *told* you I was hungry.”

“*Okay,* jesus, *fine*.” Steve's nose scrunches up and he pulls away with a sigh, crawls over to his own towel and frowns in that way Billy *knows* means he's taking shit *too personally* again.

Which isn't necessarily unreasonable, because Steve *is* the reason

Billy's upset. But it's not Steve's fault.

So, Billy takes a second to breathe and then stretches, flopping backward on his own towel.

“So, what was her name?” he asks. A peace offering. Dredged up from somewhere behind his ribs.

“Kirsten,” Steve says, decisively, then hesitates. “I think.”

“Jesus. It took you a year and a goddamn *day*, and you don't know what her *name* is?”

Steve's lips press thin. “She kinda… *talked* a lot.”

“Not your thing?” Billy asks.

“No. I mean, she just--" Steve shrugs. “Like, what is *with* you California natives? Seems like everyone I meet wants to tell me their life story in five seconds or less, and-- and she's, like, *got issues*. Wouldn't stop talking about her exes? And I can *see* why she's got exes, she's got that, like, *vibe*. And my dad always said to never stick your dick in crazy-- but he was usually talking about my *mom*, so.”

“Pretty sure *I'm* crazy,” Billy says, because he *can*. “And you don't seem to have any problem sticking your dick in *me*.”

“Yeah, but your crazy *fits* my crazy.” Steve says, glancing at him.

Billy just shrugs, sand shifting underneath him. Under his shoulders, under his back.

“Well, now you're just being picky,” Billy says, because he shouldn't *care* about who Steve puts his dick in. He shouldn't care at *all*.

Steve plucks at the edge of his towel, stays where he's at-- has this *thing* about *sand*. “So, you think I *should* call her? Cuz I'm pretty sure she's, like, psycho stalker crazy.”

“Donno, man,” Billy says. He wants to not give a shit, but. “If you don't like her, don't call her. It's your dick you're trying to get wet.”

Steve huffs. “You can't just… *tell me* what I should do?”

That's something Steve asks of him sometimes. To *decide* for him. Like he doesn't know how to pick for himself.

Which… isn't *wrong*. Steve grew up in a house where he was pretty heavily micromanaged. Didn't really have to pick things. More like they were shoved down his throat. Sometimes he still struggles with too many options.

And Billy is *happy* to make a lotta decisions for Steve. But this is -- different. This is more than Steve ever really asks of Billy.

“Donno,” he says slowly. Billy *shouldn't.* But. “Maybe skip it, if you think she's some psycho stalker. We *live* together. Don't want her all up in my business.”

And isn't *that* too true?

Steve makes a face, waffles his hand back and forth, glances over Billy’s shoulder at (Maybe) Kirsten the Lifeguard and then nods his head. “Yeah, pretty bad vibe. Like, she’s *staring*. And it might be your ass that’s caught her attention, but… still.”

“I *do* have a nice ass, don't I?” Billy says, with a grin.

Steve snorts and gives him a *look*. “Do you *really* need me to tell you that your *ass* is *nice*, Billy?”

“I mean it wouldn't *hurt*,” Billy says, taking a sip of his water.

Turning over onto his stomach, Steve gives him a smile that means *trouble*. Billy wonders how he could’ve *missed this* when they were in high school. That Steve was a goddamn *deviant.* That he wasn’t the little stick in the mud Billy always thought him to be.

The *things* he can do with his *mouth* are proof of that enough.

“Billy. *Baby*,” Steve turns those big doe eyes on him, reaching across the space between their towels in order to trail his fingertips up the inside of Billy’s calf, his knee, his thigh. “*Your* ass? Is *so* fucking good. You get me so fucking *hot* when you wear those tight jeans around

the apartment. Just wanna get my hands on you."

There's a special kinda thrill knowing that they're not alone here. That *maybe* even the lifeguard is watching them.

"Okay, but *maybe* don't give me a boner when my kid sister is like, forty feet away, alright?"

Steve pulls away laughing, face brighter than it was, and he flops back over onto his back, spreading out on his towel. "You *asked*."

"You didn't have to like, full on seduce me, Harrington," Billy laughs. "I'm a sure thing and you know it." He rolls onto his back to mirror Steve and stares up at the canopy. "You're all pink. Did you know that?"

"Am I?" Steve asks, blinking down at himself, face scrunching as he tries to check his own shoulders. "*Shit.*"

"Yeah," Billy says. He doesn't *say* that he already tried to get Steve's attention about it. It seems like a little *too much*. "You're probably gonna want some aloe on ya, later."

Steve sighs and looks over at him. "Will you get my back for me?"

"Obviously," Billy says. Because he already can't wait to get his hands all over Steve.

Steve beams at him. "Thanks, man. Dunno what I'd do without you hanging around, keeping me from killing myself."

That's… probably a little *too true*. Billy tries not to think too hard about it. Not that he, like, *actively* has to keep Steve from doing things that are dangerous. Just that-- just that he can't imagine Steve, kicking around a house by himself, *not* doing something stupid. That sometimes he needs a little push in the right direction, and Billy's surprisingly decent at that.

Steve's got his therapist for the heavy shit.

"You think those little monsters are done for the day?" Steve asks, eyes back out over the water. "Like, can we *ditch* them? I'm starving

and I want, like, the fucking *biggest* burrito I can get my hands on."

"I want tacos," Billy says in agreement. "Pretty sure we could ditch them and they wouldn't even *notice*."

"You're a bad man," Steve says, but he's already sitting up, already shoving some of his stuff into a bag. "You're a *bad* influence. Woulda had a heart attack leaving them *anywhere* not *two years ago*."

"They're like, adults, Harrington." Just barely, but *whatever*. "You can leave 'em wherever and they'll figure it out. I mean, we *may* never see our umbrellas again, but."

But *tacos*. Even not hungry, Billy could *always* eat tacos.

So. Tacos.

And *Steve*.

"I'm gonna text Dustin to let him know where we took off to," Steve says, dusting himself off as he stands. "Otherwise he'll think you fucking *kidnapped* me again."

"I've never *kidnapped* you. Dustin's just a fucking *idiot*."

"*Hey*," Steve throws his towel at him, sand and all. "He's *not* an idiot. And you *kinda did*."

"Okay," Billy says, pulling a face. "Explain to me how I *kidnapped* you?"

"Pretty sure it was *Max's birthday*?" Steve says, pulling a shirt on over his head, damp and clinging a bit as he gathers up his things and shoves his sunglasses on. "She hadn't even blown out the candles. You *straight up* dragged me out of there. You stuffed marshmallows into my mouth to keep me from shouting."

And Billy definitely remembers that. Remembers it *specifically* because his *dad* had shown up to that party. And, yeah, *okay*, Billy and Steve hadn't even been *fucking yet*, but-- but it had scared the *shit* out of him to think his dad might *see Steve* and *know* and--

And he doesn't like thinking about what might happen if his dad ever *found out*. Even if Billy does his damn *best* to *never see him*.

"Oh," Billy says, teeth clenching a little. "Yeah, I *guess* that happened."

But it's not fun. It's not a *fun* story to remember and to reminisce about. Sure, Billy had tried to make it fun for Steve, had tried to play it off as *whatever*. But it wasn't.

"Whatever. Let's just go, huh? I'm fucking starving," Billy says, tugging a shirt over his shoulders.

Steve frowns and pads after him as he goes. Drifts close, the way he always does, and nudges his shoulder into Billy's. Brushes his fingers against the back of his hand. Soothes him in that quiet, subtle way only he knows how.

Doesn't comment. Just lets him be.

Steve makes it so damn *easy* to fold into him. Stands there, strong, when Billy's willing to let himself be weak.

"I want carnitas," Steve says.

"Okay," Billy says. "Carnitas it is."

The Mexican place is a bit of a hole in the wall-- but the best food is usually from places like that. It's one of those little shops with a butcher in the back, whole pigs and all, and they make the best tacos, the best burritos, the best *everything*. Even have fresh chorizo and homegrown herbs. Fresh baked breads.

They take their order to go, along with some stuff to add to their kitchen, and when they get back to the apartment, they curl up in the dark, in their living room with *The Sinner* on because Steve is *obsessed* with the damn show, even though it's totally *fucked*, but it was either that or more *River Monsters*, and apparently Steve's had enough of *that*. They sit side by side, Steve pressed close enough that Billy can feel the heat of his sunburn, and Steve keeps stealing sips from his horchata.

When they’re done, they sit there, Steve’s gaze on the TV. His mouth is twisted up, *invested*, but he’s got one of Billy’s hands in his lap, idly tracing the lines of his palm with the tips of his fingers. Still soothing him, even now, knowing him too well to not know Billy’s still *stewing*.

Billy can't *help* it. He's sun tired and full and for whatever reason his defenses are *shot to hell* today, everything hitting a little close to home. So, he leans over and presses his face to Steve's neck, lips against deliciously warm skin.

“You smell like coconuts,” Billy murmurs. “Like the ocean, too.”

He smells like fucking *summer* and a dream and Billy can't get enough. Not ever.

Steve shudders, eyes fluttering, focus *falling* from the TV to everywhere that Billy is pressed. Tilts his head a little, twists to take his weight a little, forgets about everything else.

Like he was just *waiting* for Billy to *want* his attention.

“That’s probably the sunscreen,” Steve says, bring a hand up to curve at Billy’s nape, thumb dragging back and forth behind his ear, fingers in the short crop of hair at the back of his head; his other squeezing at Billy’s wrist. “And, you know, the *ocean*.”

Sure, Billy could find something snarky to say back, something to keep up their usual back-and-forth, but Billy can't help but think of Steve going all charming, all sweet, at the lifeguard. Can't help but be a little glad that Steve's back *here* and not somewhere else, with her.

So Billy kisses him. Leaning in, slotting their lips together. *Slow*, like he's really savoring it. Like he isn't rushed, isn't pressed for time.

Steve tastes sweet. Billy eats that up, licking into Steve's mouth as he gets his hands all tangled in Steve's windswept hair. He can taste the spice of clove and cinnamon. Can taste the citrus from his food.

Steve moans, soft and breathless, against his mouth. Presses closer, on the floor by their couch, and curls his hands into Billy’s shirt as he *sucks* at his *tongue*.

“Wanna get you into bed,” Billy says, against Steve's mouth. “C’mon, I'll even put aloe on your back.”

“Yeah,” Steve breathes, stealing another kiss first. “Yeah, okay.”

Billy tugs Steve into his own room, because Billy isn't going to pass up the opportunity for his sheets to smell like Steve. Like sex.

“Lay down,” Billy says, patting the sheets. “I can get your back.”

Steve steps back, eyes not leaving Billy’s. He pulls his shirt up, over his head, and drops it to the floor. Strips out of his shorts. Stands there, bare, for *just Billy* to see, and then crawls onto his bed. Lays out, head pillowed on his arms, and *waits*.

Billy warms up the aloe on his hands just a bit, straddles Steve’s hips, and then starts smoothing his fingers lightly over Steve’s sun-pink skin.

“You should’ve spent more time in the shade,” Billy says. “You’re gonna be complaining about this tomorrow.”

Steve shivers as he touches over his shoulders, between them, down his spine. “I’m gonna be complaining about it for a *week*.”

“I know. You’re telling the guy who’s gonna have to hear *all about it*.”

But Billy’s not complaining. Because Steve could bitch all day long and Billy’d still be happy about it, just pleased as punch Harrington was talking at him.

Okay, so *maybe* he’s got a crush. A killer one. Whatever.

Billy keeps his hands gentle as they glide over Steve’s ribs, resisting the urge to massage him. Steve’s eyes fall shut as he blows over the aloe, as it’s drying and soaking into his skin. Shivers and sucks in a little breath. Goes *easy*.

“Forgot to get my nose,” Steve mumbles, cheek squished against the back of his hand.

So, Billy spreads a little aloe over Steve's nose, too.

“You were the hottest thing on the beach,” Billy says. “Besides my ass.”

Steve glances over his shoulder at him, eyes narrowed on his face for a second, smile crooked and bemused. “Hot because I was *burning* the entire time? Or hot you wanted *my* ass, hot?”

“Both,” Billy says, unashamed.

And *god*, he wants that ass. But he also doesn't want to push Steve into it. He's been all too happy to fuck Billy when Billy's offered, but hasn't *asked* Billy to return the favor. Which is fine, because Billy *loves* Steve dicking him down, but like, he kinda also *really* wants to fuck Steve, too. At least once.

Steve’s brow goes up and he hums. Then, slowly, he stretches out beneath him, groans as his back pops. Props himself up onto his elbows and holds Billy’s gaze over his shoulder.

“*Have it*, then.”

“You want me to eat you out?” Billy asks, waggling his tongue.

“No,” Steve says slow, shaking his head. “I want you to *fuck* me.”

And Billy can barely breathe, hands slowing on Steve's skin. “You sure?”

Steve makes a face. “It’s not *prom night*, Billy. You aren’t *taking my virginity*. Yes, I’m *sure*. I wanna *feel you*.”

“Jesus, Harrington, you really know how to sweettalk a guy.”

But Billy's wiping his hands off on his thighs and reaching for the lube, anyway, heart beating *so* fast. This is -- jesus, there's just something about Steve that makes him go weak in the knees. Even when Steve's fucking him, his heart skip beats.

Steve gives him a look. His face his flush, not just from the sun, and now that Billy’s *looking* he can see the little hitch in his breath. The way his pupils are blown out. The way his fingers are curling and flexing, like they do, when he’s nervous.

“You wanna be like this?” Billy asks. “Or you wanna ride me? Don't think you should be on your back, with your burn.”

Steve hesitates, bites on the inside of his cheek, like he *wants* something but has to keep himself from voicing it. “Like this,” he says.

“Tell me what you want, baby,” Billy says, because he *knows* when Steve is holding something back.

Steve’s lips press thin and he flops back down. “I wanna *see you*,” Steve says, ears red. “But I don’t want you to *see me*.”

And that -- Billy doesn't know what to do with *that*. Because Steve is beautiful when they're fucking. He's the hottest goddamn thing Billy's ever seen.

“Well. You aren't gonna see much of me if you're on your stomach like this. I could close my eyes and promise not to peek -- or you could just blindfold me.”

Steve huffs out a little laugh. “Probably not smart. Like this. We’ll do it like this, this time.”

Billy bites his lip. He wants it, stupidly, to be perfect. He doesn't know how long they'll have this -- today was a stark reminder of that. “That doesn't seem ideal.” Not if Steve wants to look at him.

“Yeah, well, I’ve never--” Steve falters, sighs, *rolls his eyes*. “-- *ridden* someone before, so I don’t-- I don’t know how *good* that would be.”

Well, that's kinda a surprise.

“It's really putting your pleasure in your own hands,” Billy says. “You don't gotta be *good* at it. It's gonna feel amazing regardless. You just do what feels good to *you.* I think I’ll *manage.”*

Steve hesitates again. Hunts over Billy’s face for a second, and then gives a little nod.

“Sit against the headboard?” he asks, always a little more tentative when it’s their first time doing something *together*; Billy lost track of

the amount of times he checked in while fucking Billy that first time, making sure it was *good*. “So I can-- you know.”

“Want me to close my eyes?” Billy asks, as he settles down, already warming lube up on his fingers.

Steve shakes his head as he crawls close, knees settling on either side of Billy’s thighs, plucking at his shirt and the drawstring of his swim trunks. “Nah. Want you to get naked, though.”

“I *guess* I could do that,” Billy says, ditching the shirt and shimmying out of the trunks with Steve's help. “Hey,” Billy says, catching Steve in a short kiss. “Don't worry about being *good* at this. I can guarantee you're gonna make me feel so good.”

Steve nods, resting his hands on Billy’s shoulders, dipping down to catch his mouth. “Yeah. Slick me up really good, okay? Wanna be *wet* for you.”

As if *that's* gonna be a problem. Steve *knows* that Billy's got this *thing* about lube. Always using too much, loving the slide of it, the noises it makes. The request just makes Billy kiss Steve again, catching the breath right out of him.

“Gonna have you *dripping* for me, baby,” Billy promises.

Then, Steve feels him sliding those fingers over him, running fingertips over the center of him. Teasing, pressing, but just a bit.

Steve sighs, lips parting, a pleased and soft little sound. He cants his hips slightly, rocks back in reply, eyes hot on Billy’s face as Billy circles his fingertips.

When Steve seems a bit more relaxed, Billy begins to press the tip of his middle finger in. Breaching him, feeling Steve’s body *give* to him. Steve’s eyes flutter, shifting with it, chest rising and falling so steady it’s like he’s counting his breath. He’s *tight*-- just as tight as the last time, when Billy sank to his knees and swallowed him down; just as tight as the time before that, when Billy had Steve across his lap-- but his body *takes it* like he’s *made for it*.

Takes it as Billy eases a little deeper, watching Steve’s face as Steve’s

fingers flex over his shoulders. Takes it as Billy withdraws and presses in again, a little smoother, a little quicker, earning a breathy little moan. Takes it as he presses and works him loose, feeling the way he twitches and and ruts down to get *more*.

“Jesus, baby,” Billy says, trying to catch his own breath. He can't imagine how *Steve* feels.

Around his finger, Steve is hot and tight, and he squeezes Billy so beautifully. So Billy makes him tighter by curling his finger and pressing in, right where it'll make Steve moan.

Steve doesn't disappoint. His breath catches and his hips lurch, and he stutters down with a keening sound like he's *surprised*. Moans like it's the best thing he's ever felt.

“More,” Steve says, pressing his forehead to Billy's. “Gimme more.”

Billy kisses him as he slowly slides his finger out. He keeps kissing Steve as he begins pushing two in, so slick, so wet, so easy.

“So good,” Billy says, against Steve’s lips. “You’re doing so good. You take it so well.”

Steve groans, fingers digging in at his shoulders, eyes squeezing shut as Billy fills him. Gasps as he bottoms out, as he stretches Steve *slow*, so slow. Lets Steve squirm, spread on his fingers, working hot muscles as he adjusts.

Billy even works his fingers free, lubes them up again, and slides them home. Slick and slow, just filling Steve up until his knuckles press against skin. Adds more lube until he’s wet like a girl.

Greedy for all of the noises Steve’s making, Billy kisses him, eyes closed, just drinking Steve in as Steve squirms over his fingers. As Billy fucks him, working him open and loose.

Steve's cock is hard. Has *been* hard, for a while, now. When Billy curls his fingers, it twitches between them, leaking from the head. Steve whines against his lips, pulls back panting, and grinds down, dirty and desperate, onto Billy's hand. Tosses his head back and gasps.

Steve is so *goddamn hot*, Billy can barely *deal* with it. He's fucking pornographic, with the way he moves, sinful with the way he sounds.

Billy's aching so badly, but it's easy to ignore with how Steve pistons himself down on Billy's fingers, with how beautifully he takes it.

"Can you take three?" Billy asks. "You ready for that?"

"*Please*," Steve's nails bite, briefly, in at his shoulders. "Please, Billy."

Billy curses and pulls his fingers *nearly* free -- but not quite. Then, he lubes up a third finger, until it's nice and slick, and then begins pressing it in. Stretching out Steve's muscle, playing with the sensitive nerves there. Pushing in, just the way Billy knows feels *great*.

Steve's eyes go *wide*. His voice shakes out of him, a half cry of a thing, and he bucks, helpless to sensation.

"*Billy--"* he rasps, hips rolling. "*God*."

"Yeah?" Billy asks, slowly filling Steve with three fingers. Feeling the tightness of him, the heat, the *need*. "That feel good, baby?"

Every time Steve moans, Billy can *feel* it around his fingers, Steve's body clenching around him. And Billy doesn't know *why* Steve doesn't want Billy to watch him getting fucked, because like this, face in ecstasy just over Billy's fingers? He's fucking *perfect*. He's the most gorgeous thing Billy's ever seen.

Nodding, face flush and hair falling into his face, Steve ruts with the press of Billy's fingers. Shakes as pleasure zips up through him. Sobs as it becomes *too much*.

"I can't-- *Billy*, c'mon, I can't--" he sucks in a breath, head lulling forward so he can mouth over Billy's jaw. "I want you. *I want you*. C'mon."

"Hey," Billy says, slowing the movement of his fingers. "Just a little longer, alright. Don't wanna hurt you."

Which is just -- *insane*.

It’s not like Billy’s a rough lover, but he’s never wanted to be *gentle* with anyone before, not like he wants to be with Steve. Maybe it’s their history, or maybe Steve just broke something inside him -- but he just wants their first goddamn time like this to be a little special, alright?

And yeah, a little pain can be *good* sometimes. Hell, Billy *loves* taking it with minimal prep when he’s in the mood, but for someone who didn’t want Billy to *look* at him, during? Yeah, no way is Billy chancing this.

So he keeps stretching Steve, keeps working him until his fingers slide nice and easy. Until Steve's whimpering and whining. Until he's fucking down onto Billy's fingers with a keen kind of desperation. Until he's shaking a head, hiccuping in breath after breath, clutching at Billy's shoulders.

“Stop, stop, *stop*,” Steve pleads, *gasps*, panting open mouthed and desperate. “Don't wanna come, yet. Not until-- *not until*--”

Billy stops, stilling his fingers so that they just *fill* Steve, the other hand on his hip to keep him from moving. Then, Billy kisses him, long and slow. Just giving him time, a moment to cool off. Because Billy doesn’t want him coming yet, either. Wants it to *last.*

Eventually, he’s pulling his fingers free, dipping his hand down to stroke over himself a couple times. Adding more lube. Getting himself nice and ready.

“You ready?”

Steve dips down and kisses him. *“Yes.”*

With one hand, Billy holds himself steady. He settles the other on Steve’s hip and encourages him *down.*

Steve's slick and warm when he first starts sliding in. *Tight,* too-- so tight Billy has to lock up to keep from bucking right up into him.

But Steve-- Steve's eyes are *wide* and his voice is *gone* and his body *yields.* Gives to the slow press of Billy's length as he eases down onto him. Muscles flutter and twitch around him, and Steve sucks down

breath after breath like he's *drowning*.

“Hey,” Billy says, and he *knows* he’s not supposed to really be *looking* at Steve, but he can’t help it.

He gets both hands on Steve’s hips, steadying him.

“Kiss me,” Billy says, because that’s *always* a good distraction, a way to make it *easier*.

Steve whines, frozen for a second, and then he's leaning down. Framing Billy's face with his hands, pressing breathy, hot kisses to his mouth, panting and sloppy.

Billy kisses back, taking the moment for what it is. Something charged, something electric, a small snapshot shared just between the two of them. He licks into Steve’s mouth, fingers drifting over the skin of his hips, to his back, just *touching*. Just savoring the way Steve feels around him, even mid-way down.

“So good,” Billy says, against Steve’s lips. “You’re so amazing.”

Steve sighs against his mouth, trembling, and he sinks down a bit more and *groans*. “So fucking *big*. So *full of you*, Billy.”

Billy chuckles a little. Doesn't even bother to deny it. “Yeah, I'm a little *girthy*.”

He does his damndest to not buck up into Steve's heat, just savors it every time Steve sinks down a little and pauses to accustom himself to the stretch. Waits, as Steve lowers himself down. Waits, and is rewarded when Steve finally comes to a stop, Billy buried *deep*.

Steve slumps into him him. Presses his face to Billy's throat and hides there as he *breathes* and *whines*.

“Hey, baby, you did so good,” Billy says, kissing him.

Because Billy's big and Steve is *tight*, and clearly it's been a *while* since Steve’s done this. It's always easier, Billy thinks, after it's fresh in your memory. Like your body remembers for you.

“God, you feel *so good*,” Billy tells him, voice rough.

Steve nods, breathless, arms over Billy's shoulders. “You, too. *God*, Billy, you feel so-- *god.”*

Billy can't resist the urge to roll his hips *ever* so slightly. Just rocking into Steve, not thrusting, not bucking. Just getting him used to it, giving him that spark of pleasure.

He reaches down between them, too, gets his fingers around Steve's cock to play with him, to stroke him as Billy’s cock stretches him. Steve moans, hips giving a little stuttering rut forward, cry catching in his throat. He goes impossibly *tighter*, eyes shut, jaw flexing, and his hands slap against the top of the head board, making the wood groan when he grips it.

He presses his forehead to Billy's again. Lets their noses bump as he breathes heavy into the space between their mouths. Keeps his eyes shut as Billy gives him a little pull, grinding deeper, stretching him out.

“Fffuck,” Steve whines, pelvis twitching forward, mouth falling open. “*Fuck, Billy.”*

A hand drops between them. Steve presses his palm to the space beneath his own navel, groans, and *rocks*.

The implication of it is *obscene.* Fucking *filthy*.

It's all Billy can do to not buck up, to *not* roll his hips hard into Steve to make him feel *more* full.

“Baby,” Billy pants, feeling dizzy with it, with all of Steve's noises and his expressions, even though Billy's trying *not* to look. Hell, he could come like this, just from the fucking *sounds* Steve is making. “*Baby*.”

Steve takes one hitching breath. Then two.

Then, he fists a hand into Billy's hair, kisses him *hard*, and says: “*move.”*

“*Fuck*,” Billy curses, at the order, at the hand in his hair. At Steve's tongue in his mouth, kissing him hard enough to bruise. It's *all* at once, it's everything.

And so, Billy *moves*.

He rolls his hips, rocking up into Steve, first in short little movements, then in longer thrusts. It's slick and easy, but Steve's so goddamn *tight* that each thrust has pleasure sparking behind his eyes.

At first, Steve stays right there, gasping against his mouth, *taking it*. But then, as they move together, he starts rutting in reply. Riding Billy in earnest. Gripping the headboard like an anchor, head falling back, moaning as he flexes and strains to meet him, thrust for thrust.

He lets his mouth hang open. Breathes in short, sharp bursts, muscles working under his skin, abdomen tight. Billy can't help but run his hands up over it as Steve arches, as he sinks back down with a breathless moan.

“So hot,” Billy pants out, unable to quit looking, unable to quit *appreciating* the long lines of Steve's body. “So fucking hot like this.”

Steve is *riding* him, seeking out his own pleasure -- and there's nothing hotter.

Steve moans, lost and *gone* to it all, eyes hazy and dark and dazed when they meet Billy's. “Wanna-- wanna *feel it.* Wanna feel you come inside me.”

“Yeah?” Billy asks, fucking up into Steve's heat. “Think I can make that -- happen.”

He's so close already it would be harder to try and stave it off.

And *sure*, they probably should be using condoms. But they're *not*, so.

“Tell me what it feels like,” Billy begs.

Steve lets out a long, low sound. Brings his focus back on Billy. Tries to form words with his voice as it cracks, as he gasps out his bliss.

“It's like-- it's like you're *filling* me. Over and over and *over.*” Steve says, hips snapping down hard. “It's like you're *connected* to me. *In me* in a way I've never-- like-- like I can feel you *all over*. Like you're something I didn't know I was *missing*, god, *Billy*.”

And *jesus*, that's a lot. Billy figured he'd get a *feels good, babe*, or something equally inane. But Steve's always gotta up the ante. Always gotta give Billy something that knocks him for a loop.

“Yeah, baby? I can feel it too,” he says, surging forward to catch Steve in a kiss, hand still working him over between them. “I'm so close. So fucking close, Steve.”

Steve's breath comes shorter, faster, stalling as he rides down and strings tight. As he jerks and comes with a breathy gasp, like he just couldn't hold on any longer. Shatters apart with a sob.

Billy's right there behind him. Doesn't know if it's Steve's sob that gets him, or the way Steve's body *tightens* around him, but suddenly Billy’s coming, pleasure hitting him hard and fast, coursing through his nerves.

He catches Steve's lips in a hungry kiss, arms going around him even as he's coming down from it, hips twitching, fucking into Steve with the last of it, so wet, so tight, so perfect.

“Billy,” Steve gasps against his mouth, riding it out with him, wrapping himself into Billy’s hold, tremors shivering up through the both of them; sighs his name again like relief. “*Billy*.”

“Steve,” Billy breathes, breaking off the kiss just to pant, to bury his face at Steve's neck and kiss him there, at sweaty skin, at his pulse-point. “Jesus, baby.”

They still. Around them, the room smells like ocean, like aloe, like sex. Billy knows his bed is gonna smell like this tonight, like Steve, even after he leaves. Billy sometimes wishes he’d stay, but Steve is sleepless and restless at night, more often than not spending his time in the living room, away from any beds.

Right now, all Billy wants to do is curl up with him. Pass out on top

of Steve's sun-warm chest.

Steve breathes out, long and slow, and cards his fingers through Billy's hair. Holds him close like he might shake apart without him near.

"Was it--" Steve falters, lips pursed when Billy looks, the glaze in his eyes gone for something sharp; a look he gets when he's looking for a lie. "Was it good?"

And Billy *laughs*, because Steve is so absurd. "Did it not *seem* good, baby? Christ, Steve, it was fucking *phenomenal*. You are -- jesus, you are *so* good."

And yeah, okay, maybe Billy shouldn't *care* so much, shouldn't put too much stock in the fact that sex with Steve is the best sex he's ever had, but it seems important to Steve, so.

"It was perfect," Billy says, voice and face serious. "You're perfect."

"Good," Steve breathes, slumping against him, going easy as Billy's hand smooths up his back. "That's good."

Billy muscles Steve down and onto the bed for real, slowly pulling out of him in the process. Uses his shirt to clean them both off haphazardly. Then, he gets his arms around Steve, hauling his warm body close. And if Steve has any qualms, about the closeness, the intimacy of it, he can take 'em somewhere else. At least until Billy's passed out, or something. Because he's not losing this.

"Was it good for *you*?" Billy asks, because now he's gotta. Steve's got him all paranoid. "Did I hurt you?"

Steve tucks close, shaking his head. "No. No, you didn't-- it was *great*. It was-- I don't think I've ever come so hard in my *life*."

"I think my *tongue* takes that as an insult," Billy says, thinking of the time he rimmed Steve for nearly an hour.

But he gets a hand in Steve's hair and threads through it, feeling a little better.

“Glad I ditched the girl,” Steve mumbles, a little later, like he dozed off between one moment and the next and he’s still half asleep. “This is much better. Like you better.”

It feels like his heart *stops* at that. Moment, frozen in time.

“Yeah?” Billy asks, voice barely a whisper. “M’glad too.”

Lips, pressed to Steve's salty, sweaty hair. Barely a kiss, but *something,* regardless.

Author's Note:

tracklist

caress me down - sublime
feels like summer - childish gambino
ride wit me - nelly
virgin state of mind - k’s choice
am i wrong - nico & vinz